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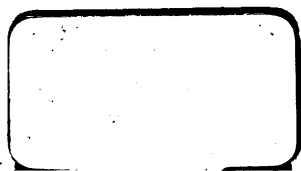
HAPPY DAYS OF CHILDHOOD.

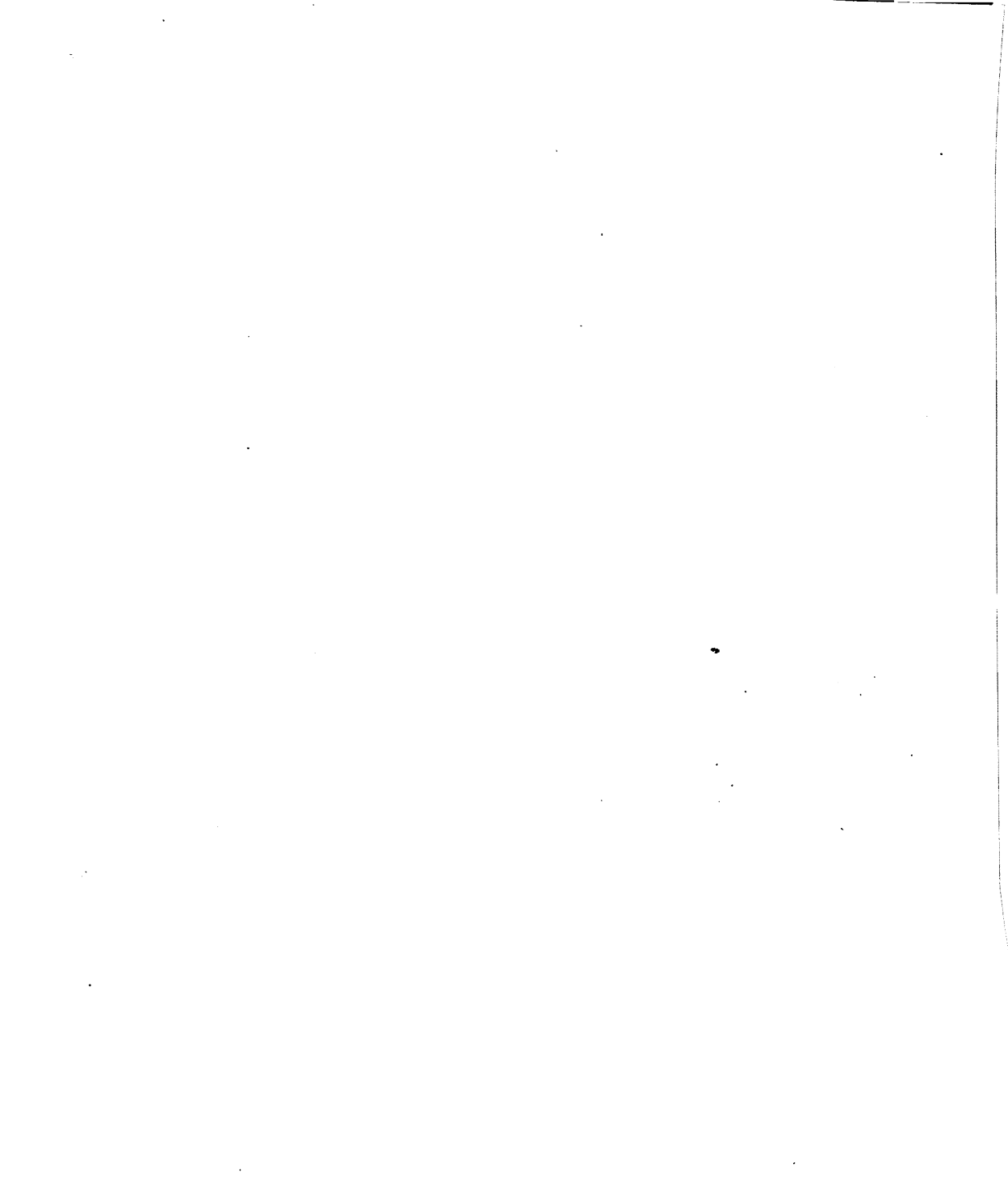


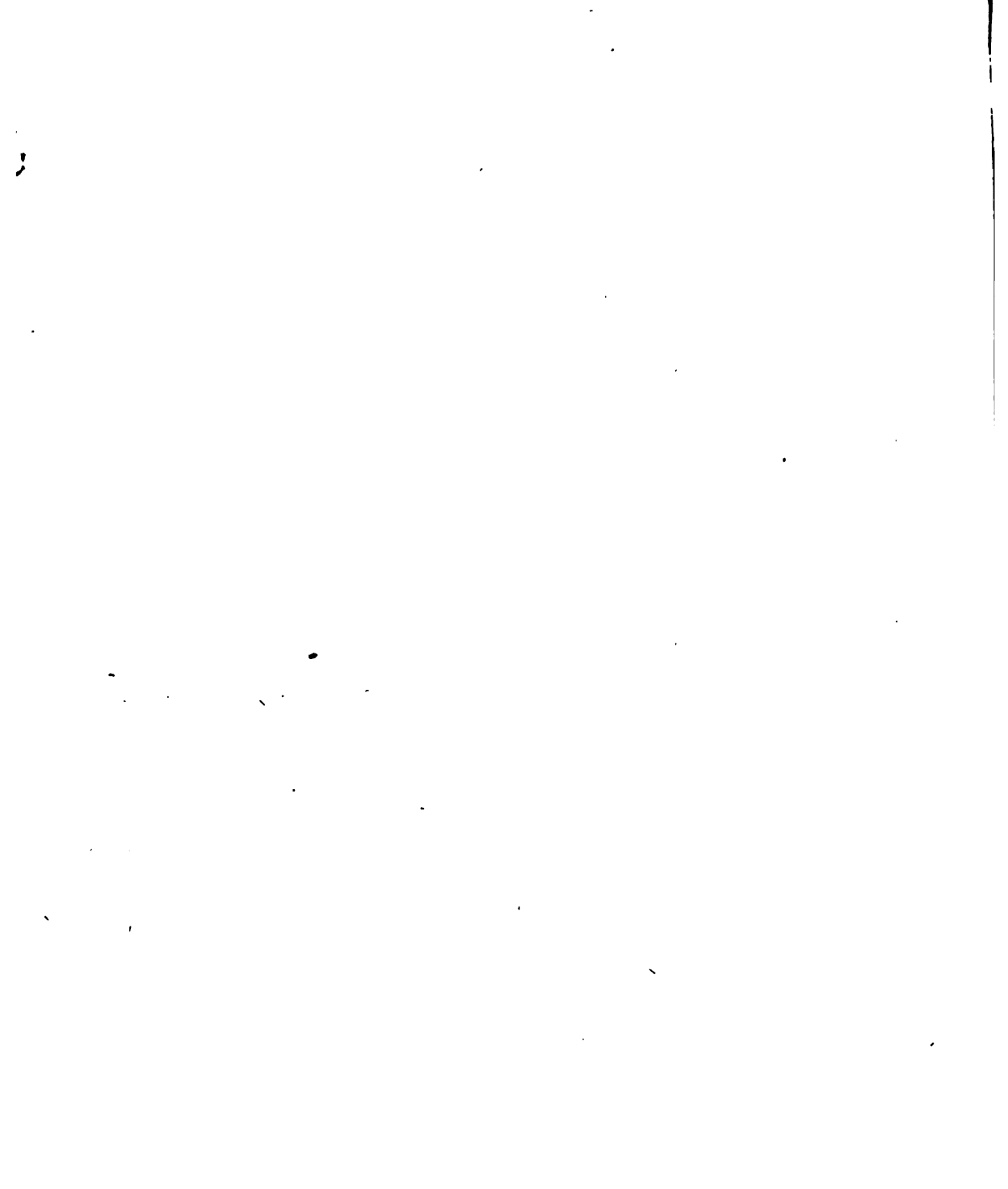
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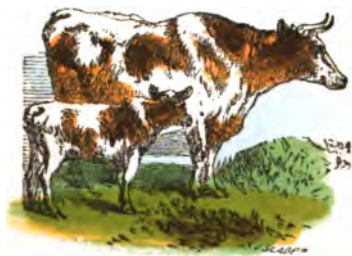
SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

H A P P Y D A Y S

OF CHILDHOOD,

BY
AMY MEADOWS.

ILLUSTRATED WITH TWENTY-FOUR PICTURES BY HARRISON WEIR,
AND A FRONTISPIECE BY BIRKET FOSTER.



LONDON:
SAMPSON LOW, SON, AND CO., LUDGATE HILL.

M D C C C L V I I .



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UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

"SEE how the sun shines ! Get up, Master Johnny, get up and come and take a walk with me in the green fields."

That is what Betty the maid said to a little boy, who was snug and warm in his bed

"Yes, Betty, yes ; I will get up in a minute," said Johnny, rubbing his eyes, and trying to look at the bright sun which was peeping in at one corner of his window.

Betty gave Johnny his white mug, and away they went, first through the garden, then through the orchard, then through the paddock ; and then they came to the meadow, where a gentle stream of water rippled over a bed of bright, clean-looking little stones ; and in that meadow stood Dolly the Cow, under a willow tree, and farther on were Brindle and Sukey.

Betty went to Dolly first, and as soon as she had filled the pail, she gave Johnny some nice warm milk in his mug ; and as he drank it, Johnny thought it was the best breakfast he had ever had. Then Betty went to Brindle and Sukey for more milk, and while she was milking Sukey, Johnny saw his papa ride into the meadow on his big horse. Johnny ran to him as fast as he could, and his papa was so pleased to see Johnny up so early, that he took him up on his saddle before him, and gave him a famous ride home



EDWARD'S GLEANING.

EDWARD's father and mother live in London, and there Edward lives with them all the winter and the spring; but every summer and autumn he goes into the country on a visit to his uncle and aunt, who live in a pretty little house called Myrtle Cottage.

Edward always goes to Myrtle Cottage at harvest-time; sometimes he carries a can of ale to the reapers, and great harvest cakes, looking so nice, all spotted with currants and plums. Often he rides to the field in the empty waggon, and sometimes the men put him on the top of the load to ride home. And when the wheat is all carted away, and the gleaners come, oh, how happy is Edward! Jane and he always glean as much as they can for poor old Dame Harvey, who is too old to glean for herself now, and who has hard work to get enough to eat. The dame lives in a tiny thatched cottage under some large elm-trees, and all she has to depend upon are her bees and her fowls. The good people who live near her, often send her little presents, and she is sure to get a good price for her honey and her eggs. Jane and Edward always call to see her when they go near her house, and they are quite proud when they take the dame a good day's gleaning.

And you may be sure the dame is always glad enough to see them; and Edward likes to go there because his cousin Jane is very kind to him.



GODFREY BUTLER.

IN the Park at Seaford there are plenty of hares, and rabbits, and pheasants, amongst the trees, and Godfrey is never tired of running after them, though I never heard that he ever caught one ; but Godfrey's chief favourites are the deer, two of which are so tame, that they come to his call, and eat hay out of his hand. Godfrey loves to see their large eyes and their thin and tender legs, and to pat their smooth, shining coats. Sometimes the whole herd takes fright at the sight of a dog or a man, and scours across the park faster than race-horses ; and sometimes Godfrey finds all of them lying close together under the shade of the large horse-chesnut trees.

Just on the outside of Seaford Park there is a large farm-house, where Mr. Neave lives. He knows Godfrey very well, and often asks him to spend a day at the farm, and Godfrey is always very glad to go there, and ramble about the stack-yards, and the barns, and stables. He knows all the men on the farm, and will go and sit for an hour with Bill Button, and talk to him about his children, and how much they learn at school, of which Bill is very proud ; for he, poor fellow, never went to school himself ; and Bill will go on thrashing all the while, stopping every now and then to rest ; and then sometimes Godfrey will take the flail, and try his hand at thrashing, but he often hits his own head instead of the corn.



THE IDLE BOY.

"I THINK I will take a ride," said little Edward, after breakfast.---"Bring my boots, and let my horse be brought to the door."

The horse was saddled.---"No," said the young gentleman, "I'll have the chair, and take a drive." The chair was made ready---Edward ordered it away, and began a game of backgammon.

He played half a game---but could not make a throw to please himself. His tutor now thought it a good time to read a little. "Why I think---I will---I am tired of doing nothing. What shall we have?" asked Edward.

"You left off the last time in Virgil. Suppose we finish the passage."

"I would rather go on with Hume's history---or---suppose we have a little geography---the globes are on the study table."

They went to the study. The little boy leaning upon his elbows, looked at the globe, turned it round two or three times, and then listened very patiently while his master explained some of its parts and uses. But while he was in the midst, "If you please I will have my ride now," said Edward.

The horse was ordered again. Little Edward sauntered for a mile or two in the lanes, and came just as the clock struck twelve to a school. The door

burst open, out rushed a crowd of boys, each shouting as loud as he could, and all instantly began a variety of sports.

Some fell to marbles, and some to ball ; there was not one but was eagerly employed. Every thing was noise, motion, and pleasure. Edward knew one of the boys, and called to him.

“ Jack,” said he, “ how do you like school ? ”

“ O, pretty well ! ”

“ What ; have you a good deal of play ? ”

“ Oh, no ! we have only from twelve to two to play, and to eat our dinners ; then we have an hour before supper.”

“ That’s very little indeed ! ”

“ But we play heartily when we do play, and work when we work. Good bye, it’s my turn at play ! ”

So saying Jack ran off.

“ I wish I was a school boy ! ” cried Edward to himself.

Happy are those children and those men, who are obliged to labour to get knowledge, and to please others ; they are contented, because they are always growing wiser, and because they are beloved by all who know them. The idle are the miserable ; they are tired with every thing, and every body is tired of them.



THE YOUNG PIGEONS.

“Co-oo,” said a fan-tail Pigeon to his mate.

“Co-oo,” replied the mate; and she gave one of her little ones a nice young pea.

“What charming creatures these little darlings of ours are!” said the Fan-tail.

“Co-oo. They are the most beautiful young pigeons in all the world,” said the mate.

By and bye these little ones---there were only two of them---began to hop about on the ledge of the dove-cot, and the Fantail and his mate were quite proud of them.

“Co-oo,” said the mother. “You must not try to fly yet, my dears, for your wings are not strong enough. Co-oo, co-oo.”

“Mind what your mother says, and be good, while we go for some food for you,” said the Fan-tail.

“Co-oo,” said one of the little ones. “I wonder what those nice red things are. I think they must be red peas.” It was only a hawthorn tree with its red berries. “I think I will try to fly to them; it is such a little way.”

“I hope you will not: do you not remember what your mother told us?” said the other.

“Co-oo, co-oo. Do you think I am never to do as I like?” said the naughty one. “I shall go and try what those peas are like, and if they are good, I will give you some.”



THE PROUD TURKEY.

"Gobble, gobble, gobble," said an old turkey-cock, spreading out his tail, and shaking his red beard. "I wonder what's to happen next!"

"What is the matter?" asked his wife.

"What is the matter, indeed?" Do not you see that old gander there, with a red flag on his neck? He means that as an insult to me."

Now, a little girl had found the gander close by the yard door, and had tied a piece of red ribbon round his neck. That is what offended the turkey-cock.

"Gobble, gobble," said the hen turkey. "We cannot allow that. Let us go and pull it off."

Thereupon the turkeys called together all their family, and the guinea-fowls,---because they are cousins to the turkeys,---joined their ranks; and away marched this brave army, gobbling and shrieking so loud, that all the farm-yard was in commotion.

When the unfortunate gander, who was the innocent cause of all this disturbance, saw this, he cackled and hissed till every goose and gander in the yard flew to his aid. The ducks began to quack, the pigs began to grunt, the dogs to bark, the cows to low, and an old donkey, who was looking over the hedge close by, gave such a sonorous "He-haw, he-haw," that even the rival armies stood still in amazement.

However, the farmer caught the gander, tore the red ribbon off his neck, and thus peace was restored.



JACK THE SHEPHERD BOY.

FAR away in the country, many miles from any town or village, lives Farmer Johnson : but I am not going to tell you about him, but about Jack his shepherd boy.

Jack was born in a cottage close by the stack-yard ; his father is head man on the farm, and takes care of all the horses, and his mother milks the cows and feeds the fowls and the pigs. As soon as it is light in the morning, Jack jumps out of bed, and when he has washed and dressed himself, he drinks a cup of milk, and eats the breakfast which his mother leaves out for him every night ; and then he puts his dinner in his bag, and calls his dog, Rover, and away he goes to the Downs to see after his master's sheep.

In the middle of the day, when the sun is hot, the sheep get tired, and lie on the grass, and Jack looks out for a tree under which he can shelter himself from the sun ; and there he sits down and eats his dinner, always giving some to Rover ; and after that he lies down to rest, and Rover sits by his side. About four o'clock he drives the sheep to their fold, and there, with Rover's help, he shuts them all in, and then his day's work is done.

Do you know what a sheep-fold is ? It is made of strong hurdles tied together ; there are four sides to it, and a gate at one corner to let the sheep go in and out.

FUN IN THE HAY-FIELD.

“WHO will go to the hay-field?” cried Ned.

“I will,” said Tom.

“And I,” said Sam.

So Ned, and Tom, and Sam, set off as fast as they could run, to see who could get there first ; but Ned’s legs were longest, and he had jumped over a haycock before the other two had reached the gate.

“Now for some fun !” cried Ned ; and, taking up an armful of hay he threw it at Tom, and nearly knocked him down.

“That’s for you!” shouted Sam, as he almost smothered Ned, with another lot of hay.

Ned, in return, threw Sam down close by a haycock, and turned it all over him, and while he was doing that, Tom rushed at Ned, and threw him on the top of Sam ; and so they went on till they laughed so much that they could hardly stand upright. Just as they were in the midst of this fun, who should come into the field but Farmer Williams. “Holloa there ! what are you boys about?” he shouted.

“Only having some fun,” said Ned.

“Pretty fun,” said the farmer, “knocking all my haycocks down, and spoiling my hay.”

“It will dry it the better,” replied Ned, who was rather an impudent young gentleman, “and if we rake it up again, you ought to pay us for the trouble.”



SHEEP WASHING.

DID you ever see a sheep-washing? It is fine fun to those who look on, but I am not sure that the men who wash the sheep like it very much, and I fear that the sheep think it very rough play.

You know papa's coat is made of wool? This wool is taken from the backs of sheep, who are glad to have it cut off, because it would make them too hot in the summer-time; so, first the sheep are driven to a pond or a little river, and there they are thrown into the water, one at a time, and the farmer's men catch them, and rub them well, so as to get all the dirt out of the wool that they can. Then the sheep are let loose for a little while, and when their wool is a little dry, they are taken to the shearer,---a man who has a large pair of shears, with which he cuts off the wool, which is sent to great factories, where there are hundreds of men, women, and children, and huge engines, and twenty kinds of machines. Then the wool is washed again, and then dyed whatever colour it is to be; then it is pulled out into yarn, and then spun into fine threads; after that it is woven together by a machine; and after a very great deal of trouble, it is made into the nice smooth cloth which the tailor makes into a coat for your dear papa,

In a far-off land, called Australia, there are such great flocks of sheep, that the people have more wool there than in any other country in the world.



ANNIE AND HER FOWLS.

ANNIE FORD and her mother live in a little cottage close by a village in Yorkshire. Annie's father died when she was ten years old, and her only brother, James, is a sailor, who does not come home very often. Annie's mother has been ill for many years, too ill for any work, except a little sewing, and Annie has to find food both for herself and her mother. This is not very easy, but Annie is a good girl, works hard, and is a famous manager. A young lady at a farmhouse close by once gave her a cock and a hen. Annie soon had a brood of chickens, and in a few months had eggs and young fowls to sell to the people in the village. Then she changed some of her chickens for ducks, and soon afterwards she gave two pair for a goose and a gander; and one day the farmer, who knows how hard Annie has to work, gave her a little pig. And so she goes on, taking great care of every thing, till all the people wonder how Annie comes to have so much. It is because she is so careful. As soon as it is light, she rises from bed, lights a fire, and gets a breakfast ready for her poor mother and herself. Then she lets the poultry out of their sheds, and gives them their corn, which she gets in exchange for eggs; then she feeds the pig, and does all that wants to be done among her families, as she calls her geese, and ducks, and hens; and then kisses her mother and goes out to work.



THE LITTLE DOG.

"What shall I do," said a very little dog one day to his mother, "to show my gratitude to our good master? I cannot draw, or carry burthens for him like the horse; nor give him milk like the cow; nor lend him my covering for his clothing like the sheep; nor produce him eggs like the poultry; nor catch mice and rats as well as the cat.

"I cannot divert him with singing like the linnets and canaries; nor can I defend him against robbers like the great dog Towzer. I should not be fit to be eaten, even if I were dead, as the hogs are. I am a poor insignificant creature, not worth the cost of keeping; I don't see that I can do a single thing to entitle me to my master's regard." So saying, the poor little dog hung down his head.

"My dear child," replied his mother, "though your abilities are but small, your good will entitles you to regard. Love your master dearly, and show him, that you love him, and you will not fail to please him.

The little dog was comforted, and the next time he saw his master, ran to him, licked his feet, gambolled before him, and every now and then stopped, wagging his tail, and looking at him in the most affectionate manner. The master observed him.

"Ha! little Fido," said he, "you are an honest, good-natured little fellow!"---and stooped down to

pat his head. Poor Fido was ready to go out of his wits with joy.

Fido was now his master's constant companion in his walks, playing and skipping round him, and amusing him by a thousand sportive tricks. He took care not to be troublesome by leaping on him with dirty paws, nor would he follow him into the parlour unless invited. He also attempted to make himself useful by a number of little services. He would drive away the sparrows as they were stealing the chicken's meat ; and would run and bark with the utmost fury at the strange pigs, and other animals, which offered to come into the yard.

He was soon able to render a more important service. One hot day after dinner his master was sleeping in a summer-house with Fido by his side ; the building was old, and the watchful dog perceived the walls shake, and pieces of mortar fall from the ceiling.

He saw the danger, and began barking to awake his master ; this was not sufficient, so he jumped up and bit his finger. The master, upon this started up, and had just time to get out of the door before the whole building fell.

Fido, who was behind, got hurt by some rubbish which fell upon him ; on which his master had him taken care of with the utmost tenderness, and ever after acknowledged the little animal as the preserver of his life. Thus his love and fidelity had their reward.



MARIA AND HER DONKEY.

MARIA often pays a visit to her dear grandpapa and grandmamma, who live in a nice farm-house, a long way off. They have an old donkey there, which is not a stupid, stubborn thing, as most donkeys are, but which has been well treated all its life, and is as gentle and as good as a donkey can be.

When Maria goes there, as soon as she has kissed her grandpapa and grandmamma, and her Aunt Mary and her Aunt Ellen, she runs into the yard, where Bock, the Donkey, has his shed, and throws her arms round the neck of her old favourite, and hugs him. And then Bock seems as pleased as she is.

On the first fine day Bock's saddle and bridle are put on, and the boy Billy brings him round to the door for Miss Maria to mount; and Jock, a long-haired dog, that can hardly see out of his eyes, barks and jumps for joy, and Billy runs to open the gate, and away rides Miss Maria. First she goes up the road, up to the four cross roads; then she turns to the left, and makes Bock trot faster, presently she comes to a green lane, and down that lane Bock gallops famously, and Jock runs about as if he were wild. When they come to a hill, Maria lets Bock walk up and walk down, and now and then she lets him put his head into the hedge, and eat the prickly thistles; and when they come to a clear stream, Bock is sure to want to put his head down to drink.



WILLY AND FRANK TOO LATE.

I REMEMBER when I first went to school in a little town in Cornwall, near the place where I was born, there were two lads, one named Willy Rogers, the other named Frank Starling, who never could manage to get to school at the time we began. When the class was up before the master, and we had said half our first lesson, in would come Willy and Frank, hot with running, with their heads hanging down and their bags swinging in their hands. The master always scolded them, and sometimes wrote to their parents; but scarcely a week passed when Willy and Frank were not too late on one or two mornings. They both lived on the same road; and Frank always called for Willy, and sometimes Willy was late because Frank did not come sooner, and sometimes Frank was late because Willy kept him waiting. All the other boys laughed at them and named them the "two too-lates," and even the master called them so before all the other boys.

At last Willy and Frank were so ashamed of their names, and the scoldings they got, that they resolved to deserve them no longer.

It was a long time before they lost their names; but as they were both of them good, kind lads, the boys, at last, forgot about their former lazy habits and called them Frank and Willy, without adding the unpleasant words "Too-late."



MY FIRST VISIT TO WALES.

A LONG time ago, when I was a boy, I went into Wales. One day I was climbing up a high hill, the sun was hot, and I had walked a long way, so I laid myself down in the shadow of a rock, and fell fast asleep. Now you must know that on these hills and mountains in Wales goats are nearly as plentiful as sheep with us, and I saw an old Nanny with her little kid come right up to my side, and stare at me.

“What sort of a thing is that?” said the kid.

“Ba-a-a,” said the old goat, “that is a man; don’t go near him.” “Why not?” said the kid.

“Perhaps he will eat you,” said the mother.

And I laughed to see how the kid frisked and jumped away to a rock close by.

Soon an old Billy-goat, with a beard down to his knees, came up and stared at me too.

“I wonder why men come up here,” said the old grey-beard; “they cannot eat grass, and what else is there to come for?”

“They are stupid,” said the Nanny, “to try to walk up these hills with their two legs.”

“Yes, how much better we can do it.”

“Can you?” cried I, leaping up, “then you shall show me.” And without another word I jumped on the old goat’s back, and shouted till he ran up the hill like a mad thing. “This is famous,” I cried; “this is the way to get up Welsh hills!”

APPLE GATHERING.

Do not you love the Autumn? Then is the time for all kinds of joys! First, there is the harvest, with its cakes and ale, and the fun of harvest-home, and the gleaning and the stacking. Then all the best of the fruits of the garden and the orchard are ripe; the apples, and the pears, and the grapes; the walnuts, and the filberts, and the mulberries. Then the wild-nuts, and the crab-apples, and the blackberries, are all to be found in country hedge-rows; and then is the best time for pic-nics and pleasure-parties of all sorts.

Here are three little girls gathering apples in an orchard, and fine fun they are having.

Do you know that in some parts of England there are so many apples that the people make them into a pleasant drink called cider. Great heaps of apples are put into a large stone basin, and a heavy round stone is made to turn over upon them until all the juice is pressed out of the apples. This juice is poured into casks, and left there some time; then the clear part is drawn off into other casks, which are put into cellars, and by the next March the cider is ready to drink.

In some parts of England they squeeze pears in the same way, and the juice is called perry; and when it has been kept in bottles for a few years, it is very nice.



A MORNING ON THE ICE.

How cold it is! how keen the wind blows! and how hard the roads are! The pond must be frozen over. Let us go and see.

Ah! it is so; the frost has turned all the water at the top of the pond into ice. And see, there are William Dunn and his brother Robert, and Jack Green, all sliding away as fast as they can. Let us join them. Look, this is the way to slide. Run a little, then put your right foot first, and strike it out as hard as you can, the left foot will follow, and you can go twenty yards or more at one slide, if the ice is smooth. When you are older, you shall have a pair of skates; you must make them fast with straps to your boots, and then you will soon learn to glide along the ice on the narrow piece of steel with which skates are made.

Come, do not stand still on the ice, you will be cold, and you will have chilblains on your feet. Run with me. Ah, now you are down. You must be careful how you run on ice. Jump up again; never mind a little tumble like that. Now, take my hand, and let us have a good slide; now back again. Now you feel warmer, do you not?

Where are the gingerbreads your mamma gave you? you may eat one of them now, and you may give me one too. Now then, we have a long way to go, so we must trot off home.



BOB THE SWINEHERD.

BOB WOOD was always a lazy boy. When he was six years old he did not run about like other lads, but crawled along slowly, so that he got the name of snail, which he keeps to this very day, When his mother used to send him to the parsonage with butter and eggs, he would be gone two hours ; while little Bessy, his sister, who is a year younger than he is, would not be half the time. When he was ten years old, Bob was taken by a good farmer, who lived near, for a farm-boy, but he was so slow and so lazy that the men said he was more trouble than help to them ; and Bob was sent into the fields to drive away the rooks. But even this he did not do well ; and the farmer often found him asleep under a hedge.

So, now Bob has grown up to be quite a big lad ; all he can do is to attend to the pigs in the wood, to see that they do not run away, and to bring them home in the evening. Lazy Bob likes this work ; half the day he can lie down on the moss, or lean against a tree, and sleep and dream away while other people are hard at work ; and the pigs have got used to his whistle and run to him when they hear it, so that Bob has nothing at all to do.

But Bob will never get on ; all his life he will be a lazy fellow, and no one will care to have him.

Is not this Bob a lazy, lazy boy ?



HISTORY OF LITTLE JACK.

THERE was once a poor old lame man, who had been a soldier, and had almost lost the use of one leg, so he was not able to do much work. He built himself a little hut, and made a garden, where he planted potatoes, beans, and such other vegetables as he wanted to eat. All the money he got was given to him by people for opening a gate near his hut. People riding in coaches do not like to have the coachmen leave horses to open a gate; they are willing to give any body a few pence to do it for them.

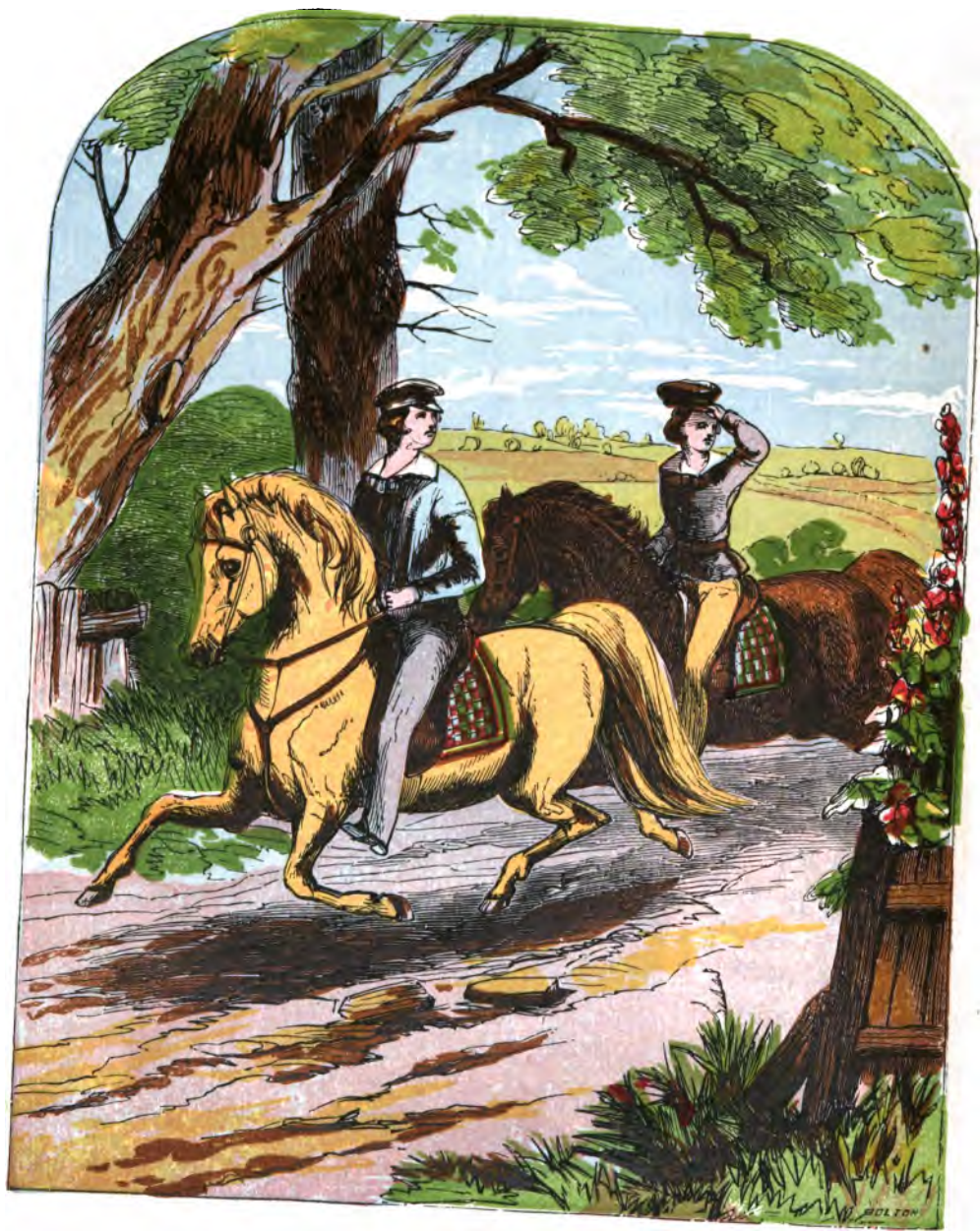
The money which the poor man got in this way was enough to buy him clothes, and such other things as he wanted. This poor man was very honest, so every body respected him; he was pious too, he prayed to God every night and morning; he thought of God often, and he tried to please God.

This old man had one domestic. In his walks, he one day found a little kid that had lost its mother, and was almost famished with hunger. He took it home, and fed it, and nursed it, so that it grew very large and strong. He called the goat Nan. Nan loved her master; she ran after him like a little dog, and ate the grass which grew round his door. She often played very prettily, so that she amused her master with her innocent tricks. The old man would lift up his eyes and thank God, that he had given him this faithful creature.

One cold night in the beginning of winter, the old man thought he heard a child cry ; he got up and struck a light, went out at the door and looked all about ; he soon found a little baby lying on the ground. The old man knew not what to do---“I can hardly take care of myself,” said he, “what shall I do with a poor infant ? If I leave it here, the little creature will die before morning---I will take it in and give it some food, and take care of it till to-morrow.”---Saying this he took up the little boy, who was only covered with a few rags. The infant smiled and stretched out his arms to hug the old man.

When he had brought it into the hut, he called his goat Nan ; her own little kid was just dead, and she had milk to spare. Nan was quite willing to nurse the little boy ; he sucked till he had enough, and then fell asleep. The old man took the child to his bosom, and went to rest. He felt happy because he had done a good action. Early the next morning he waked, and gave the infant some of Nan’s milk---“Who knows,” said the old man, “but this child may live to be a man, and that God will make him good and happy. When he grows bigger he will be a pleasure and comfort to me, he will learn to be useful---to fetch my wood and dig in the garden.

The little boy grew fast and loved the old man dearly, and he loved the goat too. He called the old man “Daddy,” and the goat he called “Mammy.”



A MORNING RIDE

HARRY FORREST and Ernest Young are cousins : they go to the same school, and often pass their holidays together.

Harry's papa lives in a charming place in Devonshire, and that is where the boys like best to be in the summer-time. There they each have a pony to ride, and beautiful ponies they are too ; Harry's is a grey, and Ernest's a dark chesnut colour. The house is not far from the sea-coast, and they often ride down there to have a sail on the water with old Bill, the fisherman, who lives in a cottage near the shore ; and sometimes to bathe, and sometimes to go with him a-fishing.

But, I must tell you, Harry and Ernest have other things to do in the holidays besides riding about. Every morning they spend two or three hours at their studies, and if they want any help, they go to their good father, who knows as much about Greek and Latin as their tutor at school ; and so they do not lose in the holidays half what they had learned, as I fear boys often do. Then Harry and Ernest know almost all the people who live near, and have to call on them ; and they are often invited out to dinner or to a pic-nic party, or an archery meeting, or some such sport. But one of their great delights is to go to the forest, taking with them all the dogs belonging to the farm, and hunt rabbits.



LITTLE SALLY'S NUTTING.

ROGER RACKETT is head man to Farmer Neave. When he was only twenty-two years old, Roger married Sarah Saunders, the dairy-maid, and now they have three children,---Jane, who is about ten years old ; Sally, who is six ; and little Roger who is just three. Mrs. Rackett is a very good mother, ever nice and tidy, and always at work. She takes in washing, and has often more than she can do ; Jane helps her every day, and Sally now and then ; but Sally's chief care is to see after her brother Roger, to take him out, and keep him from harm. Sally is also a great help to her father ; every day, when he is at work a long way off, she takes him his dinner in a basket ; and she is such a careful little girl, that she has never once broken a dish or a plate. At night, when her father comes home, Sally always goes to meet him, and hangs up his hat for him, and takes off his gaiters, and soon gets his tea ready. So Roger Rackett is quite proud of his dear little Sally.

Sally's birthday is on the first of October, and how do you think she spends it ? I will tell you. Jane leaves her washing, and as soon as breakfast is over, she and Sally and little Roger set out for Bircham Wood, which is two miles off. They take a great basket with them, with some dinner in it, and there they spend the whole day gathering filberts



HARRY'S NEW KITE

HARRY had a new kite given to him on his birthday, and a very pretty one it was. The next morning, as it was quite fine, and there was a nice wind blowing, his mamma said he might take his kite into the meadows, and fly it. So Harry put it carefully on his back, and his brother Herbert took his hoop, and little Wattie took his horse and cart, and away they all went to the meadows. Harry soon made his kite ready, put the tail on, and tied the string to the band. Then Herbert tossed up the kite, and Harry ran with the string, and up flew the kite, high, high, high.

Then Harry and his brothers all sat down on the grass to watch the kite floating about up in the blue air; and they saw some birds go near it, and then fly away as though they were afraid. Harry had some round pieces of card-board, with a hole in the middle, in his pocket; he took one out, and slipped the string-stick through the hole, and so got the card-board on to the string, and then Herbert ran it up the string as far as he could reach, and then the wind caught the card, and sent it twisting and twirling about, up, up, up, until they could see it reach the kite. Harry called this sending up messengers, but what message the card-boards took up I never could learn.

BILLY'S RABBITS.

BILLY MILLER's great delight is to have better rabbits than any other boy. The first thing Billy does when he is up of a morning is to run to his rabbit-house, and see how his pets have passed the night. Nearly all Billy's spare hours are spent in attending to them, and all Billy's spare money goes to buy them food. He has the finest ear-lops in the town, and except a doe, which belongs to Jim Smith, he knows he has the best half-lop. He has offered I don't know how many shillings for Jim's doe, but Jim knows the value of his rabbit, and no money will tempt him to part with it. Billy will let no one touch his rabbits, or feed them, except his little sister, Betsy, who is nearly as fond of them as Billy; and when Billy is obliged to leave home for a visit anywhere, he tells Betsy all she has to do, and writes down what food each rabbit must have, while he is away.

You must not think that Billy is an idle boy, only fond of play. No, he is a very good boy at school, says his lessons well; and the only fault his master finds with him is, that he will draw rabbits on his slate with ears three times as long as their heads. Billy's father does not mind his spending his time and money on the rabbits; he says that he likes to see a boy pursue one subject steadily, and do well what he undertakes.



SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

FRED and Walter Harmer go to school in the same town in which their father lives. They go there at nine o'clock in the morning, and return at twelve; then, after dinner, they go again at two o'clock, and stay till five; and, in the evening, they learn their lessons for the next day.

But on Saturday---famous Saturday!---they have a half-holiday! When dinner is over, they have not to think of lessons, but can do just as they like. Sometimes they join the other boys at a game of cricket on the common close by. Sometimes they go to see their uncle William, who is a farmer, about four miles off; and there they get a ride on his brown pony. But what they most like, on a fine summer afternoon, when it is not too hot, is to take their rods and lines, and baskets, and go to Chilham Wood, where the river runs between banks covered with old trees. There, on the twisted roots of an old oak, Fred loves to sit and listen to the ripple of the water and the cooing of the ring-doves, to see the little modest wren hop down to the water's edge to drink, and the splendid kingfisher dart into the stream, and carry off his prey.

And Walter tries to catch all the fish he can, because he is proud of taking them home, but if they will not bite at his bait, then he sticks his rod into a tree, and lets the float go down with the stream.



FIRST SUNDAY AT CHURCH.

HARRY'S mamma had told him that, when he was four years old, he should go with her to church, and on the first Sunday after his birth-day he wished his mamma to take him.

When Harry awoke on that day, the sun shone in at his little window, the birds were all singing their morning hymns, and the church bells were ringing for the early service. Harry washed himself very carefully, put on his best clothes, and then went down into his mamma's room, and said his morning prayer. After breakfast he was in a great hurry to go to church, and could hardly wait till the usual time. At last his papa and mamma were ready, and papa gave him the large prayer-book to carry, and Harry took his mamma's hand, and they walked slowly to the church.

When they got into their pew, Harry saw his papa and mamma kneel down, so he did the same; and when they sat down, he sat down, and when they stood up, he stood up.

Harry listened to the clergyman, and sat quite still, and did not speak a word, except once, when the organ played, Harry could not help asking his mamma what that was. He liked to hear the chaunting and the singing very much, and wished he could sing as well as the little boys and girls whom he could see in the gallery close by the organ.



THE KID.

KIDS are little goats. Goats do not like to live in the streets and houses, like the dogs and pigs. Goats love to run and jump about in the country, and to gnaw the bark of trees. Goats give very thick, rich milk. People used to carry goats to sea, so that they might have milk with their tea, but now they carry cows in ships.

Mary, a little girl who lived in a place where there are many goats, taking a walk one day found a little kid; its mother, the old goat, had left it---it was almost dead.

Mary felt sorry for the poor little kid; she took it up, hugged it in her arms, and carried it home with her. She begged her mother to let her keep the kid for her own: her mother gave her leave.

Mary got a basket full of clean straw, and laid it on the warm hearth for a bed for the kid. She warmed some milk, and held it to him to drink; the kid drank it, and licked Mary's hand for more. Mary was delighted when she saw him jump out of the basket, and run about the room; presently he lay down again, and took a comfortable nap.

The next day Mary gave her kid a name; he was an excellent jumper, so she called him Capriole. She showed him to all the family, and allowed her little brothers and sister to stroke and pat him. Capriole soon followed Mary all about the house, trotted by

her side into the yard; ran races with her in the field, fed out of her hand, and was a great pet at all times. Capriole soon grew troublesome; he thrust his nose into the meal tub, and flour box, and sometimes got a blow for sipping the milk.

Capriole's little horns soon began to appear, and a white beard sprouted at the end of his chin; he grew bold enough to fight when he was angry, and sometimes threw down Colin, Mary's little brother, into the dirt. Every body said "Capriole is getting too saucy; he must be sent away, or be taught to behave better." Mary always took his part, and indulged him very much. Capriole loved his little mistress dearly.

Near to Mary's house were some large fields, and some tall rocks; a little further off was a high hill. One fine summer's day Mary had finished her morning's work, and wanted to play with her kid; she looked about the house door, and could not see Capriole; she then ran to the field, and called aloud, "Capriole! Capriole!" expecting to see him come running towards her. No Capriole came. She went on, and on, still calling her kid, but nothing was to be seen of him.

Her heart began to beat. "What can have become of him? Somebody must have stolen him---perhaps the neighbour's dogs have killed him. Oh my Capriole! my dear Capriole! I shall never see you again.



JENNY'S SWING.

AH, my dear cousin Jenny ! it is a long time now since I have seen your merry face and heard your gladsome laugh. You are in a far distant land now and who knows when I shall see your pretty blue eyes and your dark chesnut-coloured hair, again ?

My cousin Jenny lived in a sweet little cottage by the side of a stream in South Wales. When I was a boy, I was often invited to spend my holidays there with my aunt ; and Jenny and I were always very glad to meet, for we were fond of each other, and were never happier than when we were together. Jenny was rather a wild girl ; she liked riding on her pony, or sailing in her boat on the stream, or going a-nutting, or blackberrying, or gardening, or running races, or swinging, far better than sitting at home to mend her own clothes, or make pies and puddings.

I can well remember her swing under a great elm-tree in the meadow, at the back of the cottage ; how she would enjoy it, if I were there to push the swing ! The girls, she said, could never toss it half high enough ; and how she would send me up when it was my turn to swing ! I had often hard work to keep my seat, and save myself from a broken head. Ah, well ! those days are gone ; and now I have little boys and girls of my own to put in a swing ; and when they call out to me to send them higher and higher, they often call to my mind my dear cousin Jenny and her swing.



SEAFORD PARK.

GODFREY BUTLER lives with his papa and mamma in a large house in a large square in London. He does not go to a school, but a tutor comes to the house every day to teach him, so that Godfrey does not see much of other boys.

Every autumn he goes for two months on a visit to his good uncle and aunt, who live in a fine old house in the midst of a park, many, many miles away from London. Godfrey is always very pleased when the time comes for him to go to Seaford, for his uncle keeps a pretty white pony for him to ride on; and he has a fishing-rod and line there, and a bow and arrows; and a little garden of his own, which his uncle has given to him, in which there are beautiful flowers, and a plum-tree and a vine against the wall; and he has a little boat on the lake at the bottom of the lawn. The boat lies in a wooden house all through the winter, and is never taken out till Godfrey comes. He never goes into this boat alone, for his aunt has told him that it would be very dangerous, and that James, the gardener's son, can always spare an hour or two to row him up and down.

But one of Godfrey's favourite amusements is to take a stroll with Mary, the housemaid, and his two little cousins, Walter and Edmund, and feed the swans on the lake. Godfrey thinks they are such beautiful, graceful creatures.



MIDSUMMER HOLIDAYS.

"HURRAH! hurrah!! hurrah!!!"

"Why, what a noise those boys are making, one would think they were all crazy. Here, Ned Hart, come here, sir! Why are you shouting at this rate?"

"Because, ma'am, it is the first day of the Midsummer Holidays."

"Oh, that's the reason, is it? Well, I hope you will enjoy them. Are you going away from home?"

"Yes, ma'am; Aunt Jane has asked Tom and me to stay with her for a month at the sea-side; and she has a boat with sails and oars, and her man James knows all about the sea; and when it is quite fine, we are to sail ever so far along the coast, and are to take our dinner with us, and eat it in the boat; and if we can catch any fish, we are to have them fried for breakfast the next morning."

"Well, that will be a treat! when do you go?"

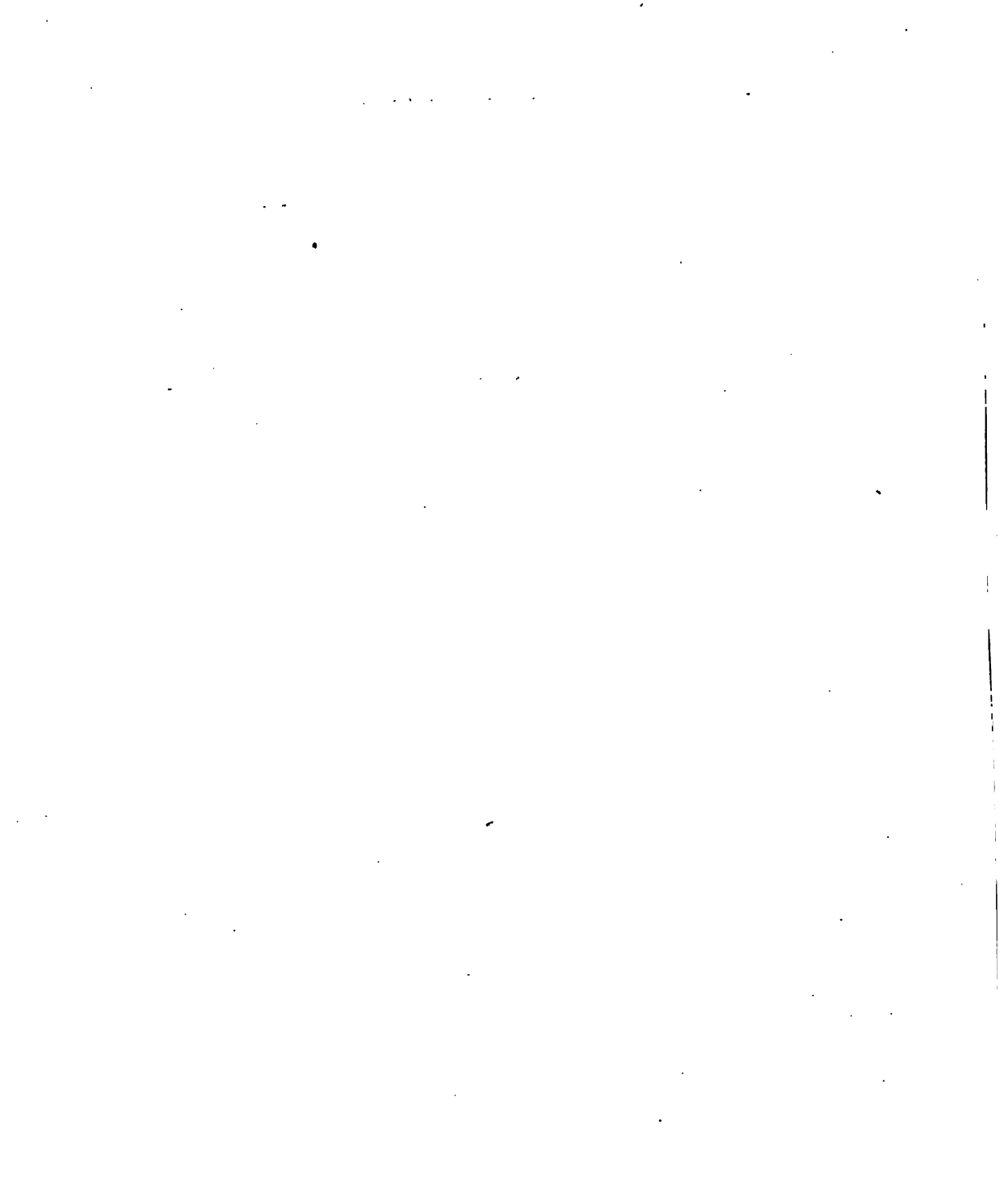
"To-morrow morning, at six o'clock, ma'am. Shall we not have to get up early?"

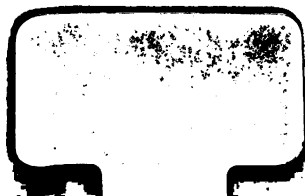
"You will indeed, Ned. But now tell me, how have you got on at school?"

"Pretty fairly, I think, ma'am. Young Vernon is head boy, but I am next, and my brother Tom is first in the second class."

"Well, that is not bad. Good bye, Ned. I wish you much pleasure at your Aunt Jane's."

"Thank you, ma'am. Good bye."





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
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